"THE REMEDY FOR WAR WORRIES."

See page ii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 490 | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 420006

For meaning of this number see page 31.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN THIS DAY WILL DO HIS DUTY"

The Circulation of "John Bull" Exceeds 1,300,000 Copies Weekly

TRAFALGAR DAY NUMBER

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an Insurance which covers you against Zeppelin or other air raids, bombardment, invasion, raid, riot, civil commotion, civil war, revolution, rebellion, blockade—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. You may either fill in and send to us a weekly coupon, which after its receipt at our offices will keep you insured for one week—but must be renewed weekly—or, to avoid the necessity of doing this, you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form, which will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

What We Will Pay.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power :—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. No more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of John Bull—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver John Bull to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Oct. 23rd, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., John Bull, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Oct. 23rd, 1915. .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death :—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Oct. 23rd, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Why Osram Saves

Osram saves in lighting bills because it gives its brilliant illumination with the least expenditure in current. It saves in lamp renewals because of its great filament strength and very long life. Insist on having Osram therefore — the lamp that reduces costs. Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London, W.

Osram DRAWN WIRE **Lamps**

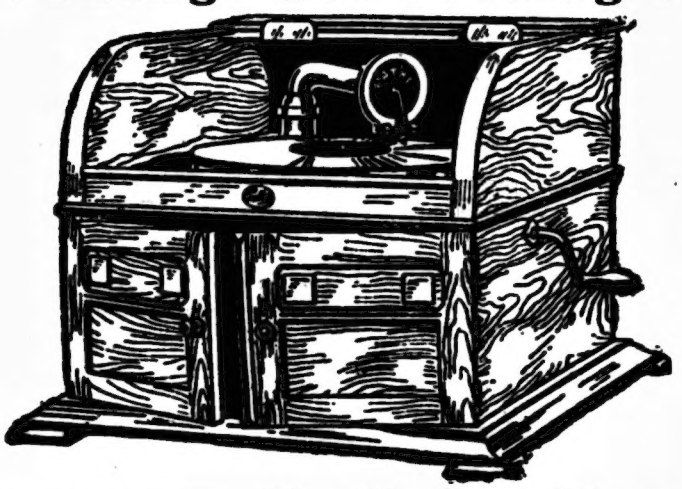
Obtainable from all Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores. *Wholesale only:* The General Electric Co., Ltd., Head Office, 67, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Happy Moments at Home.

THE **Pathéphone**

(The machine with the Human Voice)

Is the Ideal Home Entertainer especially now the cold winter evenings are setting in



Instruments are purchasable at from **£2·17·0 to 60 gns.**

NO FANCY PRICES FOR CELEBRITIES.

The Pathé Tone is Famed for its "Naturalness."

The world's talent is at your disposal by means of the PATHÉPHONE at nominal cost.

PATHÉ DISCS reproduce through the medium of an unchangeable Sapphire point.

Pathé Discs Retail at 1/6, 3/- and 4/-.

Pathé

REG° TRADE MARK

To be obtained at all Representative Music Stores, or from

Pathé Frères Pathéphone, Ltd.,
LONDON, W.C.

One of the great TOOTAL LINES.

15/3

Always carry a **PYRAMID**

ECONOMY is the very word for "Pyramids"—smart, well designed, and so everlastingly nice to use. White or colored borders for you at home, and All-Khaki for the Boys at the Front, or going there.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

6½d. each. All-white (with and without embroidered initial), All-Khaki, and Indelible Colored Borders. Look for the Pyramid label on every Pyramid. **6/6** Box of Dozen.

Wide range to choose from at outfitters everywhere. Sample Pyramid and name of nearest outfitter sent for 6d. Pyramid Dept. P35, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Are YOU
a Patriotic Briton?

If so, demand at your Club or Restaurant
BRITISH LAGER,

ALLSOPP'S

or other. We ask you to INSIST on getting it, or to go elsewhere. By doing so you will get the best article and promote British Trade.

Libby's

Blue & White Pyramid Label

California Fruits, Asparagus, and Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple.

As Fresh and Fragrant as though just gathered.
Makes delicious additions to the Menu.
Of all grocers, &c.

UNIQUE FREE GIFT.

To test how many 'JOHN BULL' readers take notice of this advertisement, we offer to send free, on receipt of a postcard, a PORTFOLIO of beautiful photographic views illustrating AMERICA'S FIGHTING SHIPS and MEN.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Ltd.
10, Philpot Lane, London, E.C.

We are still selling our stock of cigars at Pre-Budget Prices.

Tobacco Dept.,
Men's Extension,
Selfridge & Co.,
Ltd., Oxford St., W.

SELFRIDGE'S

TAKE NOTE.

The British Tailoring and Repairing Company has only one name, and only one address, and the "British" Service is peculiar to itself.

"BLOWING THE DIRT OUT"

means thorough cleansing of every fibre. Our West of England cloth manufacturers' dry-steam process then revives the actual surface of the cloth. We repair, mend any "started" seams, etc., and finally our tailors—none better in Savile Row—press the suit as new. Money back if you are not satisfied.

TRY ONE SUIT FOR 3/9.

Write for our weekly, fortnightly or monthly service terms and copy of our monthly paper *Valetry*.

BRITISH
Tailoring & Repairing Co
21 to 29 Great College Street, London, N.W.

Tel. North 2882 or 2883.

We collect and deliver free 10 miles from Charing Cross: beyond this, rail or post clothes to us, we pay carriage one way. Where relining, extensive repairs, or turning are needed to make a thorough job we furnish a low estimate and invite your approval.

Food Value and Economy

SCIENCE tells us that Coffee has a distinct stimulating food value, so also has Sugar, while Milk is in itself a complete Food.

MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

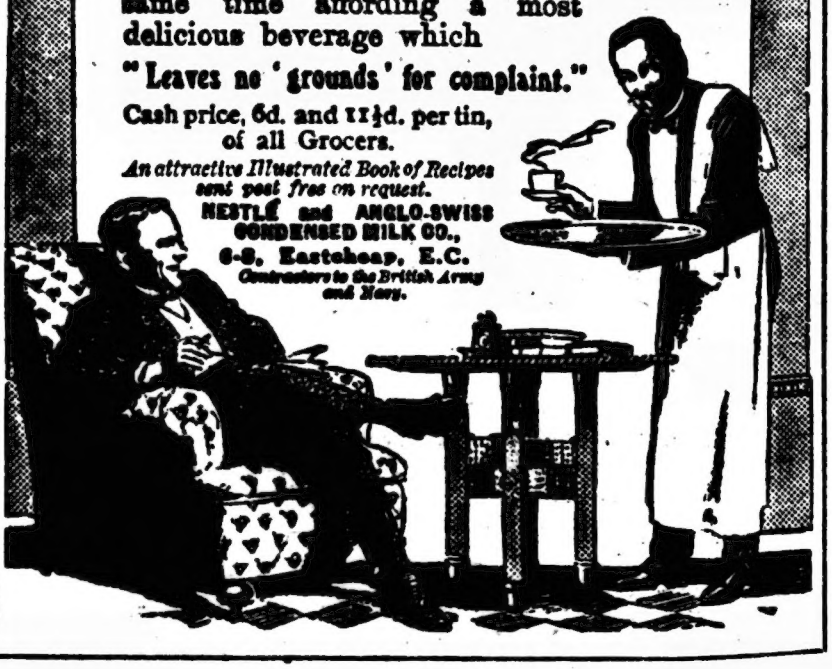
combines three foods in one—finest Coffee, purest Milk, and refined Sugar—at the same time affording a most delicious beverage which

"Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint."

Cash price, 6d. and 11½d. per tin, of all Grocers.

An attractive Illustrated Book of Recipes sent post free on request.

NESTLÉ and ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO.,
6-8, Eastcheap, E.C.
Contractors to the British Army and Navy.



JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 490. Week ending Saturday, October 23rd, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"England Expects."

This is Trafalgar Day. What we have to say about it will be found on another page. It is the greatest day of all the year. "England expects"—and she shall not be disappointed. See to it.

Our Campaign.

What a wonderful week we have had, up to the time of going to press—finishing up with a big recruiting rally at the East Ham Town Hall! Ask the Mayor how we got on. On Friday we are at the London Pavilion, on behalf of the Anti-German League; whilst on Saturday we shall put in another appeal at the Clapton Orient Football Ground. Accrington, Liverpool, Middlesbro' and Sunderland "have been set on fire"—to use the phrase of one of the local papers—and by the time these lines are read we shall have been at Nelson, Preston, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Birmingham.

A Nelson Story.

A story of Trafalgar will not be amiss this week. In the course of the battle, one of the seamen, whilst in the hands of the ship's surgeon, and having his arm sawn off, remarked: "Well, many'd think this a misfortune, but I am proud of it; I shall be on a footin' with the Commander-in-Chief." But before the operation was completed news came that Nelson had been shot and killed, whereupon, "Good Lor'," cried the man, disregarding his own agony, "I'd rather that shot had taken off my head."

The Dardanelles.

We are sorry to learn that, according to latest expert advices, it is proposed to abandon the passage of the Dardanelles. We sincerely trust the report may be unfounded. Such a step at this stage will mean irreparable damage to the prestige of Britain; whilst if it *is* to come, let it come slowly, by degrees, and not in the haste of panic. We say nothing, at present, as to the responsibility of those who entered upon enterprise without adequate military support—and thus enabled the Queen of Greece to acquaint her brother of our intentions. But the situation is becoming somewhat trying—isn't it?

King Manoel.

We have upon two previous occasions hinted that his ex-Majesty's household might voluntarily submit itself to the censorship of the Post Office. And we have pointed out that his Majesty's private secretary is a gentleman of Austrian birth. We now read that "Viscount d'Asseca, attendant on King Manoel, was fined 15s. at Eastbourne for allowing a light from his house to be seen at sea." What says his Majesty?

"Wanted—a Preacher."

We observe that the *Sunday Herald*, taking up our cry in the *Sunday Pictorial* for a great spiritual leader, professes to have found a Preacher. What, however, we meant to suggest was that what is wanted to-day is—a *great* Preacher. By the way, we know now how it is that the *Sunday Pictorial* has such a huge circulation. The Editor of *Truth* tells us that "all his domestic servants" read it. That's it—every one of them! The wonder is, in the circumstances, that the figure is not larger.

Russia's Day.

Thursday, November 18th, is the date fixed for a great Russia Day—with a big function at the Albert Hall. Lady Paget is the moving spirit in the affair. We shall be there.

"Everywoman's Weekly."

What a fillip our articles—"If I Were a Woman"—have given this bright, clean little journal. Do your wife and sister read it? If not, why not?

Our Hero.

In reading through Mr. Capper's book of personal reminiscences we are not at all surprised to find him telling us that Father Ignatius once observed to him, "Can you guess who was my dearest friend?—Charles Bradlaugh. I loved that man." And we love Father Ignatius for that sentiment.

Name.

Several readers have pointed out that we omitted the name of a certain cowardly traitor, whose utterances we quoted in our leading article last week—in which he asked, "Why should I go on a recruiting platform?" and, whilst expressing the view that invasion of Britain is an impossibility, boasted that he was prepared to take his chance! The name is Philip Snowden, M.P.—the most repulsive member of the present House of Commons. *What would Nelson have done with him?*

The No-Treating Farce.

If Lord D'Abernon had seen our postbag during the last fortnight, he would have hesitated before he ventured the announcement that "throughout the inquiries held in various parts of the kingdom, I do not think a single person has objected to this Order. Indeed, it has been welcomed where it has been applied, as likely to do genuine good." Our Blackburn correspondents especially complain. They say it is bad enough to have a pro-German as their member, but that his teetotal fanaticism "puts the lid on it." The other M.P.s on the "Central Board of Control" also come in for severe criticism. God helps those who help themselves; and if our correspondents would organise public meetings of protest in the respective constituencies of these members, and forward the resolutions to them, they will hesitate before issuing any further Proclamations. After all, it's your *vote* they want.

We are busy paying claims on last Air Raid.

Press Bureau Idiots.

A fair sample of the colossal sort of idiot who is employed on the British Press Censorship is revealed by Sir John Simon's admission in the House of Commons the other afternoon. Recently the writer of a newspaper article quoted Mr. Kipling's famous lines, "The captains and the kings depart," and the article was returned to the newspaper with the words "and the kings" deleted. As it was generally felt in Fleet Street and Poets' Corner that there was some danger that the same or some other fool representing the Press Bureau would presently be cutting out of "God save our gracious King" the word "King," and playing other official pranks with the classics, it was felt that a question in the House might disclose in what respect Mr. Kipling's lines gave information of value to the enemy or interfered with the strategy of the Allies in the field. "The man who cut out the words," explained Sir John Simon in reply, "felt that as no kings were present it would be wrong to say that any of them had departed." Whether the man has since been detached from the Press Bureau and has retired into a lunatic asylum, or has been advised to wait until he can be appointed a Cabinet Minister before he throws up his job, we do not know, but—well, isn't he choice of his kind?

Vigorous Viragoes.

Such incidents as that reported from Salford, Lancs, might well convert the most violent voluntarist to Conscription, under which system men unfit for the Army, or not yet called upon to serve, would be safe from the charge of slacking, and from assault and battery by hysterical women. Two sisters, Gertrude and Madge Kent, had several times pestered a young man named Clarke with questions as to why he had not joined the Army, but on this last occasion, because he could not produce a war service badge, they not only assailed him with their tongues, but expressed their opinion of him by means of kicks and cuffs. They were properly summoned for assault, when it transpired that the unhappy victim of their ill-judged militancy had twice been rejected by the Army! It is a pity that women so often go to ridiculous extremes in the advocacy of any cause they may chance to take up. Patriotic women who exert their influence on reluctant young men in a womanly way are a great asset to the nation. But when they descend to methods of barbarism they do infinitely more harm than good. In the case under notice, we are by no means sure that 3s. each was an adequate fine.

Certificates of Citizenship.

Many years ago we suggested that one of the qualifications of the parliamentary voter should be the possession of a Certificate of Citizenship, which, besides being a guarantee of respectability (inasmuch as it could be suspended or endorsed in cases of misconduct), would prove its holder to be a British subject, and would serve as a passport in any part of the world. To a certain extent we see our idea in operation to-day. The National Registration Card, which all true British subjects between the ages of 16 and 65 should possess by now, is already being put to one of the uses we claimed. Without it (or a special pass) no person is permitted to enter the Dover district by road or rail. We welcome the innovation, and recommend its adoption by the authorities in control of all towns and areas of military importance. We also hope that from this simple card may evolve the more perfect Certificate which we have in mind, bearing a photograph of the rightful possessor and an authoritative declaration that he or she is a British citizen and entitled to exercise the parliamentary vote by virtue thereof.

Boots, Business and Botheration.

If there is such a human creature as a hustler at the Ministry of Munitions, will he kindly get a move on in respect of considering for definite acceptance or rejection a certain design for an Army boot which would "permit of every soldier re-soleing and heeling his own boots without repairing tools in a few minutes," or, in the alternative, "enable two men to re-sole and heel up to eighteen pairs of boots an hour without any training or knowledge of the repairing trade"? The model for this boot was submitted to the Ministry of Munitions on 28th August; on 1st September the Comptroller wrote that the model was both practical and useful and would be carefully considered by the Sub-Committee who deal with Army clothing; yet since September 16th, when in reply to further letters the Comptroller wrote that the Sub-Committee had not considered the matter, the designer of the model has not been favoured with a single word. We know nothing of the invention as an invention, but we know something of business as business, and instead of this being business it is botheration. Meanwhile, according to the press, four hundred thousand pairs of boots are being made for the Army every week; and as the designer claims that apart from time, and labour, and wastage at least 2s. 6d. per pair would be saved by the acceptance of his model, the question is why the Sub-Committee should be such a durned long time considering a question of saving the country £50,000 a week. How are they spending their time and talents? Playing ping-pong, or poker?

The Superman.

We do not know whether the Rudolph von Plassman, who has written to the *New York World*, is anybody in particular. What interests us about him is his bounce and blather. He says what the world in general does not understand is that Germany is not a nation, but a law of nature; says it is "something which civilisation has never before seen" (and which, he may take it from us, civilisation will never see again); says the function of Germany is to synthesise the world; says it is not to be judged by the antiquated standards of inferior peoples; says it is the mission of Germany to build up a new world which shall be one, harmonious, rational, progressive, beautiful and wise; and, finally, invites the present played-out civilisation to watch the world being beaten out by Thor's hammer into form and beauty and use. Von Plassman thinks as every Germhun thinks; he believes he is the Superman. We don't. We believe he is the under dog.

A Collier Hero.

Fourteen precious lives were lost at Exhall Colliery, between Coventry and Nuneaton, and 375 more were in such jeopardy that their preservation was only due to the presence of mind and quick action of Israel Marshall, a foreman. A paraffin lamp was dropped, and it set fire to the woodwork at the top of the shaft. The outbreak got a fairly good hold, and Foreman Marshall received the intelligence by telephone. He immediately telephoned to the three districts of the pit, warning the men to leave, and then, in spite of the stupefying nature of the dense and acrid smoke, rushed along and closed the separation doors, thus preventing the smoke getting into the workings. The fourteen poor fellows who died had lost their way, and were overcome by the fumes. But for Marshall's pluck and reliability their dreadful fate might also have befallen to every other man in the pit. The miner is always ready to risk his life to save his fellows, and the name of Israel Marshall is to be added to a glorious list.

For winners of our second Football Competition see page 31.

Words of Wrath.

We have grave fears for the *Observer*, a newspaper published at Crewe—not Mr. Garvin's famous journal—and we are wondering whether it has ceased publication altogether. For it has incurred the wrath of the Rev. Joseph Pickthall, minister of the local Congregational Church, and that eloquent and refined gentleman has requested his friends not to buy the paper any more, and to discourage all advertisements therein. Can our erring contemporary recover from this blow? It appears that the cause of offence was that its editor dared to criticise some utterances by Mr. Pickthall regarding conscription, and also expressed disapproval of the reverend gentleman's statement that the nation desires "to snatch the sword from Germany's hand that we may grasp the hand in friendship." Mr. Pickthall objects to being criticised, and has said so, and he would boycott the *Observer* because it disagrees with him—in more senses than one. In one of his letters, having poured scorn on an editor "locked in a dingy office in High Street," who attacks only "good men"—such as his righteous self—he winds up with this elegant passage:—"This is the last time I refer to you publicly or mention a paper of such low repute as the *Observer*. I allow you now, sir, to slink into your kennel, and in future prefer to let the *Observer* rot on the charnel heap of its base innuendoes and deliberate fabrications." Probably the Rev. Mr. Pickthall felt much better after penning that proof of his nice, sweet, reasonable disposition.

"The Beach Photographer."

The beach photographer of Bognor, who has been "ordered off" from the sands where he, for many years, earned his living by snapping children with his camera, tells us he has not only been banished from the seashore, but that the order extends to four miles inland. To break the order would mean instant arrest, so a man of blameless character finds his occupation gone at one fell swoop. The trouble arose because a seaplane once alighted off Bognor Pier, and a crowd of amateur photographers rushed to the scene and took pictures to their heart's content. When the incident was reported to the authorities they incontinently issued their grievous restriction, and our beach photographer lost his livelihood through the foolishness of a swarm of amateurs. He urges his case as one for compensation; at the very least, it is one for re-instatement. He is a man who can be trusted to do nothing silly or dishonourable with his camera; under some system of supervision he should be permitted to ply his harmless trade once more.

Unassisted.

A reader who evidently knows what he is talking about makes some caustic comments upon the "unassisted" escape of two German officers from Donington Hall. These gentry, who did not long enjoy their liberty, sank a shaft in a cellar, and made a tunnel seventy yards in length, their "tools" being a trowel and a poker. Our critical correspondent marvels muchly and ponders deeply—and we join him in so doing. Says he, "It requires some working out! An experienced navvy, tunnelling, would require a space of 2 feet by 2 feet 6 inches to work in, with proper tools. To sink a shaft and dig a 70 yards' tunnel, the earth removed would be about 30 one-horse loads of 'muck,' as navvies call it. This would be enough to fill any two rooms. And—to leave no trace behind them! They must be very clean workmen. And—unassisted! They beat the 'Three Musketeers,' with 'Monte Cristo' thrown in!" To which we would add that the monumental mole itself is now a back number.

Plain Puddings for Bluecoat Boys.

How would you like to cook puddings for 800 hungry boys and 100 equally hungry staff, with a little fancy pastry thrown in, for 11s. 6d. a week? That, at any rate, was the offer recently received by a pastry cook who has served two years' apprenticeship and three years as an improver, and is capable of earning £2 to £2 10s. a week at his trade. He received the munificent offer mentioned above from the Steward of Christ's Hospital, Horsham, who wrote: "Pastry cook wanted here, capable of making plain puddings in large quantities, with small amount of fancy work. 800 Boys, 100 Staff. Wages £30 to commence, all found, good holidays when Boys away." When one considers the appalling quantity of pudding 800 school boys can stow away, and adds to that the pudding-capacity of a staff of 100, 11s. 6d. per week seems to be quite an absurdly inadequate recompense for the titanic labour of preparing the "grub." If "all found" includes boots and clothing, tobacco, beer, books, and other necessaries of life, there might be something in it, and even a chance to save a bit, for Christ's Hospital is some miles from anywhere, and even in Horsham it would not be possible to spend large sums in riotous living. But if "all found" means only uniform, bed, and board, the sum offered for a male cook appears to us to be perilously near the sweating line.

The Good Samaritan.

David John, a yeast merchant, of Clydach, has been taught that a kind heart is an expensive luxury. Dr. Jones wanted to borrow his car in order to attend a very urgent case, and Mr. John says he thought he was doing a good turn by lending it. So it came to pass that a constable with a vigilant eye, or two of them, saw Mr. John's son driving the car in Clydach "with a passenger." Hence a summons for "using a motor-car without a proper licence," followed by a fine of £5. The harshness of the penalty was perhaps tempered by the Magistrates' hope that the doctor would indemnify Mr. John, but, even so, that would be merely transferring injustice from one pair of shoulders to another. It was a very forgivable offence for a good Samaritan to lend a car to a doctor in a case where life, instead of death, depended upon speed, and the law might have winked at it. To charge Mr. John £5 for doing a Christian act is enough to harden his heart. He has our sympathy.

At Govan on the Clyde.

Harland and Wolff's is a controlled shipbuilding yard on the Clyde. Information reaches us from this yard that, with the alleged knowledge of the Admiralty, a number of men are being employed on merchant ships instead of on war work. The statement is made to us in this form: "We approached the firm to know if the work we were engaged on was war work, and the reply was very evasive, i.e., that we were engaged on this work with the knowledge of the Admiralty Inspectors. While the Minister of Munitions is asking for thousands of skilled mechanics—and other yards are in the same plight—it is no uncommon thing to see dozens of men, without a job, killing time." We make no comment. What is alleged is either true or false, and therefore we leave it for the inquiry it appears to merit.

Bradford's Milkman.

An anonymous advertisement in a local newspaper calls upon Bradford and district milk-dealers to attend a meeting "to consider a most important matter affecting the trade." We can guess what is that most important matter first time; it is to reduce the price of milk a penny a quart and increase the cream on the top by ten tablespoonfuls a pint.

Our Free Insurance covers *all* War Risks.

A Stupid and Cruel Sentence.

A couple of boys living at South Kirkby got into the school during the holidays and made off with half-a-dozen lawn-tennis balls. Both the boys are pony-drivers in the collieries, and one of them, aged 15, has a blind father whose sole sources of support are a Government allowance of 5s. a week and his son's earnings. That boy was bound over for two years and ordered to pay 10s. 9d. costs. His father thought this was excessive, and the Chairman of the Bench, in the best lordly style of the Great Unpaid, informed him, "But you're not the judge, and I am." And so the first "malefactor" was disposed of. The other boy is only 14, but he had unfortunately been under the Probation Officer for 12 months. However, that officer gave him a "good report," and he was earning 18s. a week. He had eight little brothers and sisters at home, and his wages were a big help to his mother. His cruel fate was to be sent to an industrial school for three years, his father to contribute 2s. a week towards his maintenance. The poor mother had to be led from court. She was "weeping and wailing—'Oh, my lad!'"—and small wonder. Dragged from home and work for three years of shame—all for half-a-dozen tennis balls. Instead of the boy bringing his money home weekly to his mother, the country must keep him for three years, and his father must pay out 2s. every week. It is robbing the country, robbing a poor home, and blasting a boy's chances at the opening of his life—a sentence as stupid as it is cruel.

Prisoners and Wives.

Can nothing be done to facilitate the exchange of civilian prisoners? Germany seems inclined to keep a tight hold on every unlucky Briton she has been able to scoop into her net, even though the detention in some cases verges on a breach of faith. Many men were taken on German soil because they trusted that their contracts and engagements would ensure them honourable treatment in a presumably civilised country. But the Teutons cling to their prizes. There can be no excuse for detaining civilians who had been engaged as jockeys and trainers, nor can we see why a man like Tom Sullivan, the sculler, should remain pent up in Ruhleben camp. His employment was as coach to the Berlin Rowing Club, training them—the irony of it!—for the Olympic Games of 1916! But poor Tom and his son are interned now, the famous sculler bitterly regretting the day when he consented to dower the Berliners with aquatic skill. His wife, meanwhile, is left with two children and no resources beyond what she can earn; and that fact suggests a pertinent query. As the Government are giving regular financial assistance to the British wives of Germans interned in Britain, will they not, in common fairness, give equal help to British wives whose British husbands are interned in Germany?

Wales' Nonconformist Conscience.

The Nonconformist in Wales has had another horrible shock. A church parade of the Aberdare and Hirwain Volunteer Training Corps having been arranged for a recent Sunday, the local Free Churches Council passed a resolution of deep sorrow, expressed the hope that no parade would again be held on the Lord's Day, and called upon the members of the corps "to be loyal to their Nonconformist principles to-morrow, by making use of the freedom which is granted to them by the Army rules by keeping away from the service." After this, we shall expect to wake up one of these mornings to find that the Free Churches Council have passed a resolution calling on Sir John French to postpone all his Sunday battles until Monday morning.

Cruelty Cases.

The merciful man is merciful to his beast; the merciless man thinks nothing of working a sick horse for the sake of pocketing a few shillings—blood money in every sense of the phrase. We are told that Brighton furnishes a sad number of instances where animals, quite unfit for the shafts, are made to perform their daily toil in distress and pain, and it is said that some of the local Magistrates are far too lenient towards offenders brought before them. They heard two cases the other day, the defendants in the first one being a greengrocer and his vanman. They worked an aged pony, partly paralysed in the hind-quarters, and the inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. said he had never seen a horse in such a bad state; he wondered how it could get along. His opinion was evidently correct, for the animal had been destroyed when the case was heard. The man had to pay 10s., and the master 40s. In the second case, a black gelding attached to a milk cart was in bad condition, with a large suppurating wound under the pad, on which the harness pressed heavily. The horse was described as "quite unfit for work," and the marvel is that men can be found wicked enough to put the harness on the back of such an animal. The owner was fined 50s. It seems to us that such fines are no deterrent, for they leave a large margin of profit. Men who cover sores and wounds with harness in the hope they will not be detected require smarter punishment, or they will repeat the offence for the sake of their unholy gains.

What is a Sausage?

With profound wisdom, the Eastbourne Borough Bench have determined that the soundness of a sausage essentially consists—not in its size, shape or colour—but in the nice proportion of its constituent parts. The matter arose upon the prosecution of a local dealer, who had offered for sale sausages which, according to the Public Analyst, contained 20 per cent. of fat meat and 80 per cent. of wet bread. The magistrates were unanimously of opinion that, however toothsome such a delicacy might be, it had no sort of claim to the proud title of sausage, and they accordingly fined the defendant £1. In another case the Public Analyst certified 34 per cent. of bread to 66 per cent. of pork, a proportion which seems to have been satisfactory to the Bench. Indeed, it was explained that no proceedings would have been instituted in this case but for a trifling error on the part of the Public Analyst, who had formerly stated that the sausages contained 62 per cent. of bread. Such blunders will no doubt occur in the best regulated laboratories, but it was a bit rough on the defendant, and, in the circumstances, the prosecution might well have been ordered to defray his costs.

(22365.15)

A circular letter, issued by the Treasury, desires the foregoing number to be quoted in any reply; hence the quote. The printed circular has been sent to employers all over the country, evidently broadcast; the actual one under notice was received by a firm of drapers at Kettering. It is an appeal for "Economy in the Use of Gold Coin," a substance which only a few foolish people are in the habit of treating wastefully. It expresses thanks for the public response to the previous notice, and reiterates the desire that wages should be paid in notes and not in gold. And "Your Obedient Servant, R. McKenna prints it in nice type on a page of foolscap, encloses it in an expensive foolscap envelope, and affixes a penny stamp to a paper marked "On His Majesty's Service." Our Kettering friend ejaculates "Elaborate stationery and penny stamp! Why not forbid banks to issue gold?" Why not?

Great increase in our Free Zeppelin Insurance Benefits. See page ii of cover.

Kleptomania.

Mr. Nicholas Thrope Mayne and Miss Beryl Hamilton were the two "stars" appearing in comedy at the Perth Theatre. Miss Hamilton is described as "of a good social and financial position," so her lot seemed cast in pleasant places. But—well, consider these contrasts. At night she is the leading lady at the theatre, receiving the plaudits of an admiring and enthusiastic audience. Next day she and Mr. Mayne are moving in the highest aristocratic circles, dining, may it please you, with the Countess of ——, a well-known Society leader whose name need not appear. Then, next day, there is a visit to a chemist's shop, and, following that, the shame of an appearance at Perth Police Court, "charged with having, from a chemist's shop in Princes Street, Perth, stolen a number of toilet requisites valued at 8s." "The male accused," we read, "denied the charge"—and was acquitted—but Miss Hamilton pleaded guilty; of course, kleptomania was advanced as an excuse, and of course there was a medical certificate "purporting that Miss Hamilton was suffering from a nervous breakdown, and that she could not be held solely responsible for her action." And she was let off with a fine of 20s. What is to be said of such a case? We have no desire to pillory Miss Beryl Hamilton; probably she is suffering acutely the shame of such an exposure; perhaps even prison could not add to her punishment. But, Magistrates are not so merciful when the offender is some poor wretch whom poverty tempts to steal. A "lady of good social and financial position" has no such excuse for the itch of her fingers. In her case they call that kleptomania which in the case of a poor woman would be called plain thieving.

A Query in Khaki.

We are asked to solve a problem, and know not what to say. Thus saith one of the 2nd Gordons: "With twenty-seven wounded men at the above address I went a week last Sunday to an intercession service. At the second verse of the National Anthem the congregation knelt. Among ourselves, who were in khaki, some knelt with the congregation and some stood to attention throughout. It certainly looked rather funny, hence I am writing to ask you what is the right thing to do on such occasions. All the boys here join with me in sending you and your staff their very best wishes." For those best wishes we are truly thankful and reciprocate them with a full heart. As to the relation of the National Anthem to Church etiquette, we confess our "How to Behave" book carelessly eludes the point. However, this we can promise: Next time we go to church we will ask our vicar, and meanwhile perhaps it will not so very much matter, as long as people sing the National Anthem with all the fervour of patriots, whether they kneel or stand.

Oil.

While Mr. McKenna is busy taxing war profits it is a great pity he cannot lay his hands on some of the huge makings of the Anglo-American Oil Co., which supplies the Government. This foreign-owned corporation has for the past two years made a profit of 89 per cent. on its original capital of £1,000,000, and is now doing even better business. The prettiness of the picture is by no means increased by the statement that the Standard Co., which controls the Anglo-American, is, through another of its subsidiaries, a large subscriber to the German war loan. The question arises, therefore, "Why should British taxpayers support a foreign-owned corporation earning nearly 90 per cent. per annum, when there are British concerns ready to supply the goods in any quantity?"

A Canterbury Tale.

It is to be hoped that the heavy hand of the law will not come down too hard on a certain poor old gentleman of Canterbury. He has been in business as a rent-collector, but now has "practically no occupation at all." He is 60 years of age, and has a broken foot. But the grand old man, though lonely in Canterbury, has four sons at the front, and his daughter is serving as a nurse in France. The trouble with him and the authorities is that the Cathedral City wants his rates, and this father of heroes has no money to pay with. The Magistrates have made a "forthwith" order for payment, and a distress warrant is threatened. The old fellow asked how much time would be allowed him, and was told, None. And then he asked, "But how are my sons situated?" The Clerk said, "They will be all right, won't they?" And so ends the newspaper report. But we can follow the poor father further in his worry, because if the rate collector puts in "distress" for what is due, he may proceed to sell the furniture, and that belongs to the four boys, who got the little home together. They, being away fighting, cannot prove their claim, but we hope it will not be necessary. Surely matters will not be pushed to the extreme against that proud, but troubled, father? What are a few shillings, owing for rates, when placed in the scale against the charity and patriotism of the headquarters of the Church of England?

Alsatia in Kent.

Two ruffians have been sentenced at Sittingbourne, the one to a month's hard labour, the other to two months'. The charge was that of assault, and the assault was of the most aggravated and deadly nature, for one of the men smashed a pint glass upon the face of the prosecutor, and that poor fellow, a dock labourer, has completely lost the sight of his eye in consequence. We learn from Sittingbourne that assaults of a violent kind are far too common in the town, and that a state of terrorism exists because of the presence there of a gang of roughs of whom the police are far too tolerant. Respectable people, we are assured, are terrified and "afraid for their lives"; many people forced to come into contact with the bullies "are on the verge of nervous breakdown." Insults and threats are said to be common, and the conditions, as revealed to us, imply that in certain quarters of Sittingbourne there flourishes a modern Alsatia of licence and disorder. The police might well take the hint that a clearance could be effected by a prompt enforcement of the Sanitary Bye-Laws.

"The Blind Boxer."

It will please all decent people, and probably disgust the Committee of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, to hear that Andrew Jephtha, the Blind Boxer, has been received into the Royal Midland Institution, at Nottingham—and received with acclamation. "I was much struck by his evident willingness and anxiety to be taken in hand and to do something for himself, and also by his natural courtesy and politeness. He appears to be a man whom one can watch with a special interest and sympathy," says the Secretary. Those delectable Christians, whose trade seems that of getting between God and the objects of His pity, should learn that there are decent boxers just as there are decent homes for the blind.

"Our Day."

Every reader of JOHN BULL will, of course, wear the Red Cross Badge on Thursday of this week—which is being set apart for the benefit of the British Red Cross Society, and the Order of St. John.

170 victims last Air Raid.

Now see page ii of cover.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS"—

GOD BLESS EMMA HAMILTON!—THE NELSON TRADITION.

By the Editor.

To-day, Thursday, October 21st—the date of our general publication—is the anniversary of Trafalgar, and it comes at a timely period in the progress of the great world-war which is now shaking civilisation to its foundations and determining whether we are to go back or forward, at a bound, a thousand years in the Time-span of human evolution. It will do all of us good to-day to sit down quietly for a few minutes, and think of Nelson—Horatio Nelson—"whose fame," said Pitt, "will be co-equal with the British name."

The Nelson Tradition.

"Nelson—Trafalgar!" What magic there is in those two words! To me they are redolent of meaning. Not in all modern history can you match them; nor, for that matter, do I recall even in the annals of ancient Rome or Greece, or Syria or Egypt, any simple couplet to equal them in intensity of inspiration. You must go to the spirit legends of the East to get anything as magical. Then, perhaps, in "Christ and Calvary" you may find it. And there is more in common in the sentiment connoted by those two sets of words than the busy world of to-day—busy largely about nothing which matters—realises. Each of them stands for the same divine principle—Duty and Sacrifice. And that, verily, were a much needed reminder to us all in these times of stress and tribulation! So let us think of Nelson and Trafalgar—and of the great Nelson Tradition. If only we can import the spirit of that great tradition into the events of to-day, the war will thereupon be over. It stands for unflinching sense of Duty—of unbounded faith in the Right. But it stands for more—and that is where it is so needed at this hour. Faith in God; passionate love of country, high courage, promptitude and resource in action; inspired leadership and command of men—and, withal and above all, deep abiding human love. Never think of Nelson without a tear for poor Lady Hamilton. These are no days for cant and "moral inquisition." It was Nelson *and Lady Hamilton* who saved England, and made the British empire possible. But for the moment we will speak and think of Nelson. Do you know that when he left Plymouth, to embark upon his last voyage, men and women knelt before him in the street? Difficult to think of any man to-day who could inspire such faith and devotion in the people, isn't it? God, for a Nelson now! Not so much the Nelson of the sea—there is small fault to find with Britain's Navy—but the Man with the Nelson spirit. You get it best from that great prayer of his on the morning of Trafalgar. Here it is:—

> *May the Great God whom I worship grant to my country,* AND FOR THE BENEFIT OF EUROPE IN GENERAL, *a great and glorious victory:* AND MAY NO MISCONDUCT IN ANY ONE TARNISH IT; *and may* HUMANITY AFTER VICTORY BE THE PREDOMINANT FEATURE IN THE BRITISH FLEET!
>
> *For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen!*

Just repeat that prayer to yourself once or twice to-day—it will do your soul good. And then try to find some great leader of men, in this hour of our anguish, who could go on his knees and make that noble exhortation to the Ruler of the World, and, through Him, to the nations of the earth. I wonder whether the Kaiser has ever read it Think, once more, of that supplication—"a great and glorious victory"—and may "no misconduct *in anyone* tarnish it." What an example to the Huns! No looting, no outraging, no rapine—"may Humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature of the British fleet." In a sense—in a minor key—Horatio Kitchener echoed that sentiment when sending out the British force, but if only we could have, for one short hour, the soul of old Nelson in our midst to-day—then, perhaps, some great leader might arise to breathe again the spirit of that prayer, and inspire our troops to victory.

Let us look again at the great Personality of the man. Even as a boy he is reputed to have asked: "What *is* fear?—I never saw it"; but we will look at him in his full manhood, during one of those "political crises" which in those days, as in these, were always handicapping the Navy and the Army. Nelson—ignoring all rubbish about officers being "forbidden" to interfere in politics—asked, "Do his Majesty's Ministers know their own minds?" I commend that example to my Lord Kitchener, and my Lord Derby! On going into action, this was one of his cries—"Westminster Abbey or Victory!" There's a phrase for you—glorious victory, or glorious death. Here is another: "There is no 'If' about it—we *shall* succeed." *There* is a motto for the croakers; and they might take this to heart as well: "These are no times for nervous symptoms." And I very respectfully commend this declaration to the War Minister and his Generals: "The boldest measures are the safest"—and this: "First gain the victory; then make the best of it you can." And may I, with much respect, recall these words to the attention of Admiral Jellicoe? The enemy fleet had taken flight, and this is what Nelson said: "I will follow them to the Antipodes if they have gone there." And may I, with equal respect, remind General French of this

remark of Nelson's when he was being urged to delay a big offensive: "The sooner the better—I don't like to have these things on my mind."

And finally, a word with the carping politicians, the quarrelling officers, and all others who are troubled with "personal differences" and "disagreements." Here you will see the true leader. In a letter to Admiral Collingwood, on the eve of Trafalgar, I find this: "We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view—that of annihilating our enemies and getting a glorious peace for our country." And then came an opportunity for emphasising this splendid rule. Collingwood had quarrelled with his captain, and, despite Nelson's admonition, he came on board the *Victory*, the day before Trafalgar, unrepentant. "Where is your captain?" asked Nelson. "We are not on good terms," was the reply. "*Terms*," thundered the Admiral. "Terms—good terms—send for Captain Rotherham." And when Rotherham arrived Nelson led him up to where Collingwood was standing and said: "Look—yonder is the enemy; shake hands like Englishmen."

What a lesson to the squabble-mongers of to-day! "Look—yonder is the enemy." Let those words be posted up in the tent of every British officer in France and Flanders and the Dardanelles. Let them be printed in letters of blood and posted in every room of the War Office.

"Look—yonder is the enemy."

Post them, too, in every room in Downing Street and Whitehall.

If Nelson Lived.

As I have said—and I mean it—there is little fault to be found with the British Navy of to-day. *But*—if Nelson lived, he would not have tolerated the delays and procrastinations of the politicians. A few days before the outbreak of the war—when rupture with Germany was inevitable—we had the German fleet at our mercy in the North Sea; but our Admirals dared not move—except to make way for the Kaiser's ships as they sneaked up the Kiel Canal! Nelson would never have tolerated that. Not only had he a blind eye, but he also possessed a deaf ear for fatuous orders from home. When he found stores going to the enemy in neutral ships, he simply seized them, no matter to what country they nominally belonged And he would never have allowed Germany to arm and victual and strengthen herself, and ply much of her usual trade, by means of "neutral" shipping. And no cotton would ever have reached her. In a sentence, Nelson would not have permitted his hands to be tied by the control of lawyer-politicians on land. And all the people would have backed him up. Let us have the Nelson touch once more. Give the Navy a free hand and we can cut the war in half.

In one respect, however, there is a remarkable historic coincidence about the experience of our Navy and that of Nelson's. For fourteen months Nelson had been waiting for the enemy fleet at Toulon; for then, as now, to dig it out "like rats out of their holes" was easier said than done. *After fourteen months* of weary waiting, Nelson received a vote of thanks from the City of London for his skill and perseverance in "blockading" Toulon so as "to prevent the French fleet putting to sea." A similar misunderstanding as to the purposes of British naval strategy is current in some quarters to-day. "I beg to inform your Lordship," replied Nelson to the Lord Mayor, "that the port of Toulon has never been blockaded by me—quite the reverse. Every opportunity has been offered to the enemy to put to sea; for it is there that we hope to realise the hopes and expectations of our country." Substitute the Kiel Canal for the port of Toulon, and the words might have come straight from the pen of Admiral Jellicoe. *For fourteen months* he has watched and waited—offering the German fleet "every opportunity to put to sea." The men of the British Fleet have had their Toulon: and if the Potsdam pirates can muster a tithe of the courage which inspired the Admiral of France, a second and more glorious Trafalgar shall yet be ours. So may it be!

God Bless Lady Hamilton.

And now a thought for dear Lady Hamilton—"dear Emma," as Nelson called her. That she was his guardian angel who shall deny? On the very morning of Trafalgar he set down in writing that she had rendered him, and England, "incalculable aid." Do you realise all *we* owe to that woman? When Nelson, worn and tired with fighting England's battles, was hesitating whether he would fight again, it was *she*—Emma Hamilton—who bade him and inspired him to do his duty; it was *she* who sent him to victory—and death—at Trafalgar. It was *she* who won Trafalgar. God bless Lady Hamilton! And as her words of encouragement fell upon the great warrior's ears, and determined him to further action, he declared: "My good Emma; my brave Emma; *if there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons.*" Men of Brifain—*and women of Britain*—treasure those words. Even as we men to-day are inspired by the example of Nelson to faith in God, devotion to Duty, and love of their land, so may all British women be inspired by the dauntless, unselfish courage, and the all-sacrificing love of Emma Hamilton! But we will see to it, in God's name, that a greater protection and honour shall be afforded them by their country. In almost his last dying breath the hero said—"I leave Lady Hamilton as a legacy to my country." And we rejected it! We left her to starve, and to die in poverty and want; she, the beautiful thing, who ever since she fell under Nelson's magic sway, and he under hers, in that studio of Romney—she who, mingling her great soul with his, *made him Nelson*—she, to whom by every divine right he belonged, who gave him up to you and me—we left her to starve! Again, God bless Emma Hamilton! I care nothing for the Conventions where such people are concerned. They stand apart and above them all. Horatio Nelson—Emma Hamilton—they were wedded in the eyes of God, for the good of mankind. Remember, He "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"; and it is not for you or me to question. It is for *us* to ask forgiveness for our cruelty to a noble lady; for be assured of this—that, as I once said of my other hero, Charles Bradlaugh, if after what we here call Death there be another Life, in which the just and truly good reap their reward—there, of a certainty, will be found, united in everlasting love, high amongst the noblest, the majestic souls of Emma Hamilton and Horatio Nelson.

THE RAPE OF LONDON.

GERMANY'S VULTURES—A VIVID WORD PICTURE OF THE LATEST RAID.

By A. G. Hales.

The City of London lay enshrouded in semi-darkness though the night was young; the burghers with their wives and families moved about the darkened streets jesting of death and danger, striving with quip and laughter to lessen the gloom that lay like a pall over the old city where millions hive and toil, and die—a brave, big-hearted people facing the vicissitudes of war as their forbears had faced them in the days when the nation was young. Theatres and cafés were thronged with men and maids eager to snatch a joyous hour from the lap of time; the wine-cup sparkled and the songs rang out, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. London, quivering on the edge of murder and disaster, gave itself up to harmless, healthful ease and pleasure after its day of strenuous toil. Above the city hung a cloudless sky, blue-black and star-spangled; a moonless night, wherein the immeasurable spaces between the glittering stars were heavy with darkness, so soon to become pregnant with hidden death. The whirr of wheels in the city's streets kept up a ceaseless hum, like the roll of the surf on the Cornish coast when the wind is stilled. The beat of millions of feet throbbed on the sentient air in a strangely rhythmic chorus, like an army moving through the shades of night from bivouac to battle. East and west the throb, throb, throb of those marching feet went on, for the night was young, and life and love gave place to daylight's drudgery and all the overcrowding cares that flesh is heir to. Here and there a khaki-clad British soldier, straight as a young pine, and a willing lass, slipped noiselessly from the pavements to the parks, he to coin the old, old love lies that angels hear and smile at—she to drink them in with greedy ears, and heart only too eager to believe and fulfil the destiny of her sex. Anon, a little group of Colonial warriors wounded in our wars slouched negligently from place to place, like farmers on a holiday rather than men who had borne the bitter brunt of battle, and written imperishable pages in the book of history. To them the sights and sounds of the world's greatest city were new and strange, and as the night life unrolled itself before their eyes they smiled the slow, quizzical smile that all men know them by, and stored their memories with little gems of anecdotes to retail to friends beyond the seas in the lands of the golden wattle and the maple leaf. Lasses, passing them, gave them the glad eye of good fellowship, for Britain's womanhood loves men who carry themselves like lions in the press of battle and yet walk like lambs at home. Youths in mufti, with hats worn jauntily, swung along with light and airy tread, humming the "March of the Little Men."

Where the Vultures Flew.

Over the turbulent waters of the Channel, hard by our own East Coast, high up between sea and sky, the Zeppelins flew heavily, like vultures, gorged with carrion. They came on the wings of silence, cleaving their way unerringly towards our shores, flying as vultures fly in search of prey. They came to war on women, to shamble babes—to strike and flee, and glory in their infamy; to leave red ruin in their wake, and call it war. They were not manned by warriors, but pirates of the air, eager to do the bidding of the inhuman ape who seeks the bubble reputation with the butcher's steel—the Kaiser accursed, who paves the way to glory with the poison bomb, and stains his royal purple with the blood of martyred maidenhood and lisping infancy. They came to win from this foul thing that calls itself a king, the iron cross for valour—the wondrous valour made in Germany, that seeks to slay, unseen, and run. When the days of our span are numbered, when the graves give up their dead, when the earth like a shrivelled scroll is rolled up and the Maker of men in judgment sits on the deeds of the fruits of woman's womb, in that last hour He will nail a cross on each murderer's soul—a cross of iron, red-hot from the nethermost depths of hell, and the vulture crews who have won that cross shall wear it till the blood of our beautiful, dainty dead has been purged in the fire of His vengeance. For men who fight and fall in the clang of battle, believing their cause to be just, the angels are weaving mantles of pity, which will cover the scars of their sins and their sorrows; but angel hands shall never weave white mantles for those who slay the sleeping, and the old and feeble.

The Hidden Death.

Swift as a bolt from a banked-up cloud, sudden and sure and unheralded, came the messenger of death from the blue-black canopy above the city where the Zeppelin flew—a dazzling flash of amber flame, a splitting roar of rending iron, a white cloud of poisoned smoke, a woman's piercing scream that cut through the night, pregnant with agony; a huddled-up heap of blood-stained clothes, a rent and riven body, a tangle of tortured limbs, a mass of dishevelled hair clotted with blood, a wailing cry from the lips of infancy as soul and body parted—two little shattered hands for a moment thrown outward and upward as if mutely calling upon the great city for vengeance; and the vultures of the Kaiser passed on, and another feat of arms had been achieved, another petal in the wreath of German glory had been won in the great and gallant German way. The city stood stunned for a moment; the death herald had come so suddenly—leaping like a wolf on the fold out of the womb of the night. They who manned the Zeppelin knew their devil's work incomparably well; they wrapped the great misshapen ship in vapour, and soared upwards; a searchlight flickered across the skies like a silver feeler from some giant octopus—another and another gleam of silver radiance swept the heavens, now high, now low. They met and mingled in a broad blaze, separated again and broke through the curtain of the night, near and far. The vulture dived earthwards again—again came the splitting sound of bursting bombs. Flame leapt out of a building, and flashed redly like angry eyes; firemen hurled themselves through the teeming streets like hurricanes unloosed, and fought the flames; the crowds swayed hither and thither—low and deep came the growling of a nation stirred to the quick, but there was no semblance of panic, no whisper of fear; even the women scorned to take shelter, but held their heads high, and raised clenched hands towards the skies. It was madness to stand there in the open, but it was splendid madness. The searchlights found the vulture, and guns began to speak; the shells burst above and below her; they fell short and burnt in the blue like beacon fires at sea, blood-red against the canopy of the night. The vulture knew the danger, and soaring upward out of range, lit all her lights in cowardly mockery, and passed as she had come—leaving mangled bodies in her trail, bodies of babes and gentle women—old men and boys, but only here and there a soldier's. Some day, by the grace of God, we'll hang William the Kaiser on the spot where those murdered victims fell.

THE DEVIL'S BACK DOOR.

HOW THE NAVY CAN BAR THE WAY TO THE EAST AND SHORTEN THE WAR.

By W. Holt-White.

Watch the Devil's Back Door!

Keep your eye on it! Shove your shoulder against it! Don't let the Hun step into the East by way of the Balkans. Guard every crack—for he is "slim," in more ways than one, is the Kaiser. You can't imagine the mischief he will be able to work in the British Empire if he ever gets past that back door in the Balkans.

We have banged, bolted and barred the front door to Calais in his face in the West. The Devil will never get through to Calais. The Russians have done the same in the East. The Devil will never get through to Petrograd. And we thought we had—Mr. Churchill told us we had—shut the front door to the East in the Devil's face by landing in Gallipoli. But we haven't. Constantinople is the front door to the East, and before we got there the Devil had shut it fast. The key to the world is in the Kaiser's pocket.

There, the front door has been slammed in *our* faces, and now the Devil is trying to steal through to Egypt and Persia and India by the back door in the Balkans. He is trying to sneak through into the very heart of our Empire. And thanks to our wonderful idiocy, only poor little Serbia, battered but still heroically battling, bars the way. If it weren't for the Serbians in between ——: Well, it isn't very nice to think about.

Small Beginnings and Big Endings.

This Balkan tangle is a very bothersome business. The Balkan States are such small affairs and so far away, and yet they have always been a nuisance and a menace. It is a quarter of a century ago since Kipling wrote his famous novel, "The Light That Failed," in which one of the principal characters was a war correspondent who was always convinced that there would be "trouble in the Balkans in the spring." He looked on the Balkans as the powder magazine of the world. And Heaven knows that Kipling's war correspondent was right. It was the Balkans which blew up the world. It is Serbia who is, at any rate nominally, responsible for this war. We had almost forgotten about poor little Serbia; and now she stands out in the midst of Armageddon like an accusing conscience. The little country we had overlooked in the world mix-up alone stands between the Huns and the East. In the twinkling of an eye she has become the pivot of the greatest conflict in history. *She is the Devil's Back Door.*

The Devil's Move.

Baulked in the North of Europe the Devil suddenly marched South, *en route* for the East. In the midst of our various perplexities, we were suddenly confronted with the problem of what the Balkans would do. Our first instinct was to say: "Blow the Balkans." Then we saw we couldn't say that. We realised with a nasty jar that they were the Devil's Back Door—the Huns' one way of escape from disaster.

In our self-satisfied English way we had subconsciously decided that the Balkans were heart and soul for the Allies. We were quite convinced that the Balkans appreciated that we stood for Humanity against the Devil. We had forgotten the entirely human consideration that "nothing succeeds like success." Sir Edward Grey, with magnificent cold-bloodedness, has shown us how we stand. With superb cynicism he has informed us that *he couldn't do anything with the Balkans because he had no adequate victories to show.*

It's a brutal way of putting it, but it's the plain truth. That is why Bulgaria is hostile. That is why Rumania sits on the fence. That is why the very best Greece can do is a "Benevolent Neutrality."

Sir Edward might, of course, have gone a good deal further. He might have said, which is perfectly true, that all the Balkan peoples, as peoples, hope the Allies will win; that it is only their rulers who are holding them back. He might just as well have openly confessed that mere diplomats are powerless against the Hohenzollern Balkan "Ring": that all the rulers of the Balkans, with the exception of King Peter, are German or Austrian princelings, and in the Devil's pocket. For that is the plain truth. The Kaiser cares nothing for any of the Balkan peoples' "sentiments." His predecessors, the men who planned the scheme of German world dominion, saw to it that the nominees of Berlin were placed in a position to dragoon the wretched people over whom they ruled and rule. The Devil has put German guards over the gateways to the East. He completed his scheme by buying the Turk. When he bought Constantinople he put the key of the world in his pocket. That is the key which we have to get back.

How shall we do it?

A Time for Plain Speaking.

We are a plain people; let us be plain. We are not a back-door people, but if we have to deal with back doors let us tackle them.

We complain if a boxer or a football team doesn't "show us sport." Don't let us give the Balkans any complaint on that score. We've got the ships, we've got the men and we've got the money too, to kick the Devil back through his own back door in the Balkans and lock him into Germany where we can deal with him in God's good time as he must be dealt with.

If we had possessed any mite of sense we should have taken the necessary measures long ago. Half-a-million of armed troops in Serbia six, or even three months ago, would have stopped all the Balkan rot. Now we are faced with the just punishment for leaving poor little Serbia the job of putting her lonesome foot in the jamb of the Devil's back door. It isn't a question of going to Serbia's aid. It's a question of pulling the Balkans round to our way of thinking to save our Empire in the East.

Not Too Late.

It's a stiff job, but we can do it. Just as Nelson, by sheer Sea Power, locked the gates of the East against Napoleon after the battle of the Nile, so the British Navy of to-day can, and will, save us now. Thanks to the Navy, we can land the men and the guns to head off the Kaiser from the East. Thanks to the Navy, we can fill the Balkan States with the victories which Sir Edward Grey says shows which side lies the butter of their liberties' bread.

It will be a tough job. We have got to make up our minds to that. The Dardanelles will be a "side show" in Armageddon as compared to what we must do in the Balkans. But we hold the seas, we can land the men and feed them and supply them with munitions.

Shall we fail to slam the Devil's Back Door in his face!

Never, while Britain lives!

Only—let's get on with the job!

FAIR PLAY FOR TOMMY ATKINS.

FINED FOR BEING WOUNDED.—THE STATE NOT THE MODEL EMPLOYER.

By W. Walter Crotch.

[In this scathing article, Mr. Crotch—fired with the humanitariarism of his special literary hero, Dickens—makes another appeal for better treatment for wounded Tommies.]

If I am to judge by the number of letters that have been hurtling round my head since my first article appeared upon the subject in John Bull then, indeed, is it high time that Parliament and the Nation focussed attention on the scandal and anomaly of the treatment at present being meted out to the "poor soldiers broke in our wars."

There can be no doubt whatever, "no possible, probable shadow of doubt," that the treatment these men are receiving—or should I say enduring?—at our hands is simply disgraceful. That I shall prove by carefully authenticated instances, whose accuracy I have been at pains to test for myself. But let me make it quite clear, also, that I do not think the Government, still less the nation, are at fault in the matter. I believe that every member of the Coalition Ministry, as well as the overwhelming majority of the public, desires that the splendid fellows who have upheld our honour in the blood-drenched trenches should be treated, not merely with justice, but with the generosity that a proud and rich nation nautrally loves to lavish on her heroes. I believe that if the matter were put to the vote, either in the House of Commons or by means of a referendum throughout the country, we should get an overwhelming affirmative for Fair Play for Tommy Atkins. But the fact remains that Parliament and the nation have been, and are being, baulked in this matter.

Officialdom Blocks the Way!

The bureaucrats, in this case as in so many others, have defeated the plainly expressed wishes of the House of Commons and the Cabinet. Cabinet and Commons both stand stultified to-day, with the result that Tommy—poor, patient, uncomplaining, valorous, cheerful Tommy—is being treated rather worse than a panel patient under the Insurance Act!

This is no rhetorical flourish. Facts prove it to the hilt! Let me give a case in point. Is there one man in Britain—one sane man in whose mind the elements of justice are to be found—who desires Tommy Atkins should be fined because he is wounded? Assuredly no. Yet the sinister story is told me that at this very moment the wounded Tommies in one of our Military Hospitals are actually made to give up 7d. per day from their scanty pay for the treatment in that institution of their wounds—wounds that they have incurred in the service of their country! This is not generosity; it is not justice; it is a mean piece of dirty "bilking" that should make every Britisher ashamed!

Tommy's Wife and Little Ones.

And, mark, in the case of a married man, the loss of the four shillings odd which is thoughtfully deducted from his pay, falls on the wife and children, who have to go shorter yet because "Daddy" has borne a wound to uphold his country's honour. Seriously, that sort of thing is worthy of Dodson and Fogg—to leave poor old Shylock out of it altogether!

But this is only one petty, contemptible, usurious exaction practised against our soldiers by the mean-souled bureaucrats. The Government rightly insists that if a private employer has one of his servants permanently disabled during the course of his employment, then he must keep or provide for that servant for life. But how does the State—the ubiquitous, exacting and inquisitorial State—fulfil the obligations that it casts on the shoulders of all employers, rich and poor, small and large, alike?

Typical Cases.

Let the following case show:—

A soldier has been suffering from frozen feet through work in the trenches last winter. He has been sent from hospital to hospital during the past 7 or 8 months *and has never received a penny from the War Office*, his wife having to give him 2s. per week out of her separation allowance for smokes, etc.

Can you imagine anything meaner, anything more unworthy than this?

Alas! there are nastier fruits of officialdom even than these.

Here is one that really defies comment:

A private, who was on the Reserve when war was declared, and who had served through the South African campaign, was called up and sent to the front. He was there during the severe winter months, and in consequence was invalided home with a frozen foot, for a period of six months his allowance being 2s. 6d. per day! He has a wife and children (5 in all) so that his allowance is not one third of his weekly expenses. At the end of six months he will have to report himself, when he will either be retained in the Army, or will be pensioned off at about 9d. per day!

Prompt Action Needed.

I could go on almost indefinitely; but *cui bono*? I have said enough to show that Tommy is being treated meanly, shabbily, unjustly. To imagine that the nation, that Parliament, that the Cabinet want him to be so treated is unthinkable. It is the understrappers, the bureaucrats, the Stiltstalkers and Barnacles of the different departments concerned—it is these who have defied Parliament, checkmated its clearly expressed wishes and its emphatically reiterated demands.

What we want is a great national agitation that shall rouse both our fellow-countrymen and the House of Commons to a sense of the injustices—the numerous and hideous injustices—that are being perpetrated in their name upon the soldiers whose matchless valour and superb endurance have saved the Empire in the supremest crisis of its wondrous history. As soldiers it is "up to them" to endure; as citizens it is up to us to protest—to demand justice for Private Tommy Atkins and to see that he gets it. We ought none of us to let his respective member of Parliament rest until these matters are put right. Meetings should be held without delay to insist upon redress for Tommy. Let the House of Commons be petitioned, and let every man and woman in the land sign the roll. Let the preachers of every denomination be invited to speak to their people on this theme on one given Sunday. Above all, let the Editor of this paper place his unique personality and wonderful oratorical gifts at the service of this cause—the cause of justice to the private soldier. The politicians will listen then, and the bureaucrats and officials will hearken and obey!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

To gain the East, and also lure
The Allies from the West
Is Wilhelm's aim, who can't endure
The way he's being pressed.

John Bull is fairly wide awake
Where Haldane is concerned:
If H. an active part *will* take,
He'll have to be interned!

Another raid on London Town,
At which we scarce can scoff:
It's up to Scott *to bring them down*
As well as drive them off.

The costs of the Insurance Act
Some prying minds excite,
But if Lloyd George should be attacked
They'll find that he can fight.

The Foreign Secretary we
Have no great wish to rag,
But anyone can see that he
Has caught a nasty snag.

The need for Business Government,
Which we for years have preached,
At last, to our entire content,
Some scoffers' minds has reached.

"HUNS, LIMITED."

WEST HAM ACTS ON OUR ADVICE.

West Ham Board of Guardians have acted promptly on the information supplied by us concerning the firm of Conrad Schmidt (P. A. Glaeser), Limited, a Company of suspicious origin. Tenders were invited by the Board for supplies of certain varnishes, and "Conrad Schmidt's" varnish was insisted on in three instances. Our protest against this was brought before the Board by Mr. Hamlett, who said, if our statements were true, he would at once move that the contract be void. The Clerk said "the suggestion was accurate," and proposed that the Committee should deal with it. Mr. Ward remarked that the matter of German goods was receiving the strict attention of the Committee, and substitutions were being made every week, and the Chairman of the Guardians wound up with the statement that copious notes of the discussion had been taken, and the Chairman of the Committee had said he would put these matters right.

West Ham is to be congratulated on so soon seeing the error of its ways, and we have no doubt that the job of ousting German commodities will now be done thoroughly. British goods for West Ham and the rest of Britain! The plea that Companies run over here by German capital give employment to Britons will not bear examination. The articles manufactured could be made by all-British concerns at least equally well.

ENGLISH WOMEN AS GERMHUN WIVES.

SHOULD THEY BE ALLOWED EASY DIVORCE?

Undoubtedly the position in this country of British women who have married Germhuns is not an enviable one, and there is a great deal to be said for the view of an Army sergeant, who writes us from the Liverpool Soldiers' and Sailors' Club, that easy facilities should be given to such of these women, now treated as Germhun, who wish to procure a divorce from the barbarous enemies of their country. He mentions a case within his own knowledge—that "of the fine daughter of a splendid old naval pensioner who had the misfortune to get decoyed into marriage with one of our Germhun guests." The man was base enough to desert her some months before the war, and fled to the United States, not being stuff enough even to fight for his own country. He left his wife stranded, with the care of two innocent little babes branded with the shame and taint of the Hun. Both the wife's brothers are fighting for their country and for all that is dear to them, while their sister bears the shame and humiliation of having lost her respect, her nationality, and her heritage. There should be an Act passed permitting all British women in this or similar position to relieve themselves of their bondage." To the British mind the Germhun ought to be regarded as a moral leper and an outlaw, and any British woman who wishes to release herself from her Germhun matrimonial bonds should be legally permitted to do so.

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SEND FOR THEM TO-DAY.

TOO MUCH TO SAY
Why is it that the things we think
Take so much time to put in ink?
I'd write, but have so much to say
You'll have to wait just one more day.
I'm living in the same old place.
The same old things I do
And just like many old friendly thoughts
I'm sending love to you.

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Mr. Bottomley said

In "John Bull" of Oct. 2nd:—
"The Birth of a Nation. Have you seen this wonderful picture drama at the Scala? If not, go."

Is that good enough?

SCALA THEATRE
Charlotte Street,
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

. D. W. GRIFFITH'S .
MIGHTY SPECTACLE

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

TWICE DAILY, 2.30 & 8

To mothers of Men!

We were all of us babies once—the soldiers and sailors on whom to-day we stake our Empire were wee and helpless mites not so very long ago; it seems but a jump from the cradle to incredible deeds of courage and unforgettable braveries—to our mothers we never really "grow up."

The Proprietors of Nestlé's Milk hold a unique collection of photographs of babies brought up on Nestlé's Milk, thousands of whom are now in all probability fighting for the country.

They would like to know of such—and invite mothers—or the men themselves—to send a few particulars; preferably with a photograph, name, age, and details of present regiment or unit.

5,000 2/6 Boxes of Nestlé's Chocolate will be sent FREE

to the senders of the first 5,000 letters with photographs received before 30th November, 1915.

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The Proprietors are constantly receiving the most gratifying testimony to the value of Nestlé's Milk—from the forces at home, from the wounded, from prisoners of War, and from our fighters on land and sea—and they feel that it would be even more interesting still to know in what actual cases our splendid defenders had had Nestlé's Milk to help them make their first start in their gallant lives.

Address all letters, photos, etc., to :—

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Fatigue or Failure, even though you do not know a note of Music now. I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence than years of ordinary practice will do. Have done so for twelve years with invariable success. Scientific method with commonsense application. Read my book

"Mind, Muscle, and Keyboard,"

and judge for yourself.

To Mr. H. Becker, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Please send complimentary copy of your book post free. I am a Beginner, Moderate, Advanced Player. (Cross out words which do not apply to you.)

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ADDRESS.....

.....

State if Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc., or use p.c.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To His Holiness Pope Benedict XV., the Vatican, Rome.

Holiness,—Your long silence in regard to the iniquitous inception and conduct of this world-war by the Germhuns and their Allies, interrupted only by a single casuistical declaration of neutrality, made to a foreign journalist, has at last been broken. The Vicar of Christ has seen unsurpassed crimes done in the world. He has seen Roman Catholic Belgium despoiled and laid waste; its women violated, mutilated, and murdered; its old men and priests led for slaughter like sheep to a shambles; its children spitted on bayonets and clubbed to death; its churches destroyed; its homesteads burned and looted; its historic monuments razed to the ground—and has been silent. He has seen France infamously invaded, and as infamously desolated—and has been silent. He has seen organised assassination at work in the heavens above and the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth—and still he has been silent. Not a word of protest, not a word of rebuke from his lips has passed from the Vatican to the Wilhelmstrasse. For fifteen months he has seen Deity, Christianity, Civilisation, Liberty, Justice, Righteousness, Humanity all alike staggering before unloosed fiends of Hell—and he has not spoken. But at last His Holiness has ventured a word. Pontifical diplomacy had at least nothing to fear from protest against Turkish massacres in Armenia, however much it might tremble at the thought of crying public shame on Germhun atrocities in Belgium, France, and Poland. So with the slaughtered bodies of 800,000 Armenian men, women, and children rotting on the plains and hills or floating down the rivers, Benedict XV. of Rome wrote personally to Mehmed V., of the Sublime Porte, requesting that the massacres should cease! And when I read that Mehmed had promised to stop the massacres I concluded it would be so—for the reason that there were no more people to massacre! From the report of the United States Ambassador at Constantinople, however, it is evident there are still a few Armenians left, for he informs the State Department at Washington that "the massacres have been resumed with vigour since Bulgaria's entry into the war." Such is the state of things which the Vicar of Christ beholds in the world! One after another, the Antichrist of Berlin drags the nations into his abounding oceans of human blood: until the crimson billows threaten to overwhelm everything which is precious to Christendom; yet the Sovereign Pontiff sits neutral on his throne. It is a spectacle which must almost incite Humanity itself to turn away from religion in despair. What is the explanation? Your Holiness is head of a great Faith. *Won't* you give the other priests of the world a lead?

John Bull.

To the Hon. Richard Norton, 4, Sussex Place, Hyde Park.

My Dear Sir,—I observe you are in want of a butler-valet, and I hope this cruel necessity of yours will be supplied—but not by the kind of man you apparently seek. Gentlemen such as yourself ordinarily require a deal of waiting on, and some of the extravagant ones indulge in a butler and a valet as well; you, more modest, and remembering these are economical days, wish only for one man, not two, provided he can merge his identity in the dual rôle. So far, I appreciate your thoughtfulness in desiring the country to spare you but one man for your private service, but I must pick a bone with you when I read in your advertisement, "Young man preferred." I want you to alter that, for your country needs all its young men now, and really cannot spare one to draw your corks and button your shoes. Please cancel your present advertisement and insert another one saying, "Must be elderly or otherwise ineligible for military service." And if any able-bodied young men apply to you meanwhile, tell them that particulars of a vacant situation may be obtained at the nearest Recruiting Office.

John Bull.

To the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, Vicar of St. Peter's, Broadstairs, Kent.

Rev. Sir,—Not without astonishment, I read in your parish magazine that, "after deep searching of heart and special consultation with the Archbishop of Canterbury" you have declined the appeal of the regiment of which you are Chaplain, to leave with them for the front. You ask your parishioners to realise that you would be "something very much less than a man" if you had not longed "to say 'yes' to such an appeal at such a moment," adding, "but I felt that my duty kept me here at present." What is that compelling duty is not disclosed. The contiguous parishes of Broadstairs and St. Peter's have, I believe, a population of about 9,000 people, served by 16 churches, chapels, and other places of worship. Why such deep searching of heart and special consultation with the Primate of All England in face of such facts? Spiritually served so well, Broadstairs cannot be willing in war to encourage your absence from a regiment to whom you have ministered in peace. True, I find in the magazine an announcement that, "As there are several hassocks in the church of a noticeable vivid colouring, the Vicar would be glad if the owners would replace these with others of a dark red colour." But I can see no reason why you should restrain your longings to join your regiment at the front on account of the rainbow hues of the church hassocks. It may be, of course, that you have other imperative duties besides that of changing the colour of St. Peter's hassocks. All I say is that on no account let the hassocks detain you from your regiment at the front if you really do yearn to be with them, for if the worst comes to the worst I give you my solemn promise that I will see to them myself, and if necessary get the Archbishop to assist me.

John Bull.

To Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener, K.G.

My Lord,—From the fact that the main official report of the latest Zeppelin raid was issued from the War Office instead of as hitherto from the Admiralty, is it to be assumed that the responsibility for aerial defence now rests with your department? If so, I venture to urge upon you that these criminal and murderous attacks should be met by a policy of stern reprisals. Subject to the exigencies of the military situation, I suggest that we should at once assume the aerial offensive, carrying this novel warfare into the heart of the enemy's country. If civilians are to share the terrors of war, then let there be a life for a life. It is the only way. Gas for Gas—Zep. for Zep.

John Bull.

P.S.—But now I see that another report came from the Home Office. Where are we?

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Grey, M.P.

Dear Sir Edward,—It is idle to pretend that the nation is completely satisfied with the outcome of your diplomatic efforts in the Balkans. It was obvious that in the play of negotiation you held an exceptionally strong hand, and the failure of your policy leaves room for legitimate disappointment. It is generally felt that, if coaxing failed, Bulgaria should have been categorically warned of the inevitable consequences of her alliance with the Germanic Powers, and that in your communications with Athens a similar occasion for plain speaking has arisen. The intercourse of war demands a sterner vocabulary than the diplomacy of peace.

John Bull.

To Mr. Squeeze, Landlord, Harshlands, Britain.

Sir,—I observe you in all parts of the country at a dirty and unpatriotic game; you, too, have begun to exploit the national emergencies by passing on to your tenants the financial burdens which the State has imposed on you, in common with other citizens, in order to win from the War a victorious peace. There is only one thing I can tell estate tenants who receive notice of increase of rent—that is, to organise a meeting of protest and combine for resistance, as they have done successfully in Tooting, and as I hope they have done successfully in Belfast and Windsor. It is scandalous and despicable.

John Bull.

The "No Leak" Pen is the "John Bull" Pen.

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Could not Sleep for "Nerves"

Mrs. Cox, London.

Terrible Case of Neurasthenia Cured.

Mrs. Cox, of 31, Usher Road, Roman Road, Bow, London, E., says:—

"I had suffered with my nerves and sleeplessness for years, more or less, but about the beginning of the war I got into a terrible state of nervous depression. Positively my life was a terror to me. I could not sit still, and I suffered from frightful headaches and windy spasms that simply took the life out of me.

"I cannot describe how depressed and wretched I was. There was always a feeling that something dreadful was going to happen, and my only relief was to cry. I cried for no cause at all; simply could not help it. Worst of all was the sleeplessness. This got so bad that I had to get up in the night and walk about. Still I grew worse. I could not remain indoors, but had to go out and walk, walk, walk, through the dark streets. Somehow I felt better when I was moving. I have gone out at two in the morning, and walked till seven. I could not help myself. Try as I would I could not stay indoors. Of course I tired myself out, and as I ate little, because of the windy spasms that always followed, I became quite thin and weak.

"Everything possible I tried. I had several doctors and went to hospitals, but it was not a bit of use. I was getting worse all the time. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and with the second supply began to sleep. I have got better ever since. The headaches are gone and the spasms too, and I am really in good health."

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